

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

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Review of New Books.

Memoirs of the Embassy of the Marshal de Bassompierre to the Court of England, in 1626. Translated. With notes. 8vo. pp. 154. London, 1819.

THE works of Bassompierre, without being absolutely scarce, are uncommon, but they are not without interest, nor devoid of useful information; and, as throwing some additional light on a portion of English history, and an affair of much importance, even at the present day,—the conduct of Roman Catholics when possessed of influence, they cannot but excite some interest.

Francis de Besten, or Bassompierre, of a noble family in Alsace, was born in 1579, and after travelling in Germany and Italy, he visited Paris in 1598, and was introduced to Henry IV, and by him to the Duchess of Beaufort, the hem of whose garment he at first kissed; but the gallant Henry walked aside to afford him an opportunity (as he tells us) of kissing her in earnest. Henry was so much captivated with him, that he immediately conferred on him the highest favours and distinctions, including the great military offices of Colonel General of the Swiss, and Marshal of France. Bassompierre was made to prosper, and was a favourite with Henry IV, Louis XIII, and by Mary of Medicis, 'he was honoured with a confidence and esteem, softened perhaps by the difference of sexes,' while Richelieu paid him the still higher compliment of fearing and persecuting him.

'His lot was brilliant:—the pattern of all the men—the passion of all the women—spending his life between the extremes of military hardship and courtly pleasures.—He was in the combination of his merits and his faults (and we can hardly distinguish them,)—the most remarkable man of his age; and one is not at all surprised at finding the proud but well-judging Mademoiselle de Montpensier, recording among the brilliant visions of her youth, "*cet illustre Bassompierre*."

In 1601, he accompanied the Duke of Biron to England, and had the pleasure of seeing Queen Elizabeth 'hunt, attended by more than fifty ladies, all mounted on hackneys,' but soon returned to Paris, where he had an adventure, which had nearly proved fatal to him:—

'On Tuesday, the 27th Feb. 1605, the king said to the Duke of Guise, "D'Entragues* despises us all, she is so enamoured of Bassompierre,—I say it who know it."—"Sire," answered the Duke of Guise, "*you* have means enough to revenge yourself; but for *me*, I have only those of a knight-errant, and I will break three lances with him in open lists, this very evening, if your majesty will afford us a field." (Mem. i. 164.)

'The king consented—the court-yard of the Louvre was

* Mlle. D'Entragues was the sister of Madame de Verneuil. The king had a natural child by one, and Bassompierre by the other of these ladies. Nor were they the only favoured lovers.'

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immediately gruelled for the tourney—the knights met—the duke's lance was shivered; but, by awkwardness or malice, he gave poor Bassompierre a most dreadful and dangerous wound with the ragged stump. He was borne off the field, amidst the tears of the king and all the spectators, and the ladies of the court crowded with amorous anxiety to watch, with their own eyes, the disgusting operations of the surgeons. Bassompierre believed his hurt to be mortal, and prepared to die, with the piety and courage of a christian knight. He recovered, however, and the constant attendance of princesses and ladies round his bed, repaid, in his opinion, his danger and his sufferings.'

The old constable de Montmorency sought to marry his daughter, the richest and most beautiful woman in France, to Bassompierre, but Henry IV, being violently in love with the lady himself, and fearing his friend might not prove a very accommodating husband, defeated the match.

'Bassompierre does not seem to have been sufficiently grateful for this delicate distinction; he, however, appears to have consoled himself for this disappointment, by triumphs in other quarters. In the year 1607, he won at play, "though distracted from it by a thousand follies of youth and love," upwards of 500,000 livres, and the day before he was sent to the Bastille, he burned more than *six thousand* love letters, with which different ladies had been, from time to time, so good as to honour him. Nor was he less successful at court or in war:—he was a thriving statesman and a victorious soldier, and appears to have obtained, without effort or affectation, every species of glory.

'But, "the paths of glory lead but to the grave," and often to the grave through the dungeon.

'The gallant, gay, *illustre* Bassompierre, passed the melancholy evening of his glorious day, in the Bastille, a prisoner from the fifty-second to the sixty-fourth year of his age.

'The substantial motive was his attachment to the queen-mother, Mary of Medicis, and his supposed complicity in the intrigues against Richelieu; but the immediate cause, as we gather from his own account, is singularly trivial. He passed twelve years in a dungeon, because *he had not kept an engagement to dinner*.'

The fact was, that Richelieu, on his way to reconcile himself to the queen-mother, met Bassompierre, who promised to dine with him, but, during his prolonged audience, the Duke de Longueville happened to pass that way, and '*debauched*' the marshal to a dinner with the Duke of Orleans and M. de Crequi, all capital enemies of the cardinal, who soon afterwards regained his influence, and found himself strong enough 'to excite the queen-mother to annihilate the queen-consort, and to send Bassompierre to the Bastille, where he expiated, till the cardinal's death, the unlucky breach of his dinner engagement.'

Bassompierre, restored to liberty by the death of Richelieu, was recalled to the slippery heights of court favour; but he was cured of ambition, and, in three years, followed his persecutor to the place 'where the wicked cease

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from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.' He died of apoplexy, on the 12th of April, 1646.

While in prison, he wrote his memoirs, but hope and fear forbade his writing them frankly; and 'the wittiest man of his time, has left behind him half a dozen of the dullest, or at least, the driest of all volumes.'

This disadvantage has, however, been most ably compensated in the present volume, by the valuable notes of the editor, whose style would have reminded us of the ingenious and elegant author of the 'Curiosities of Literature,' had he not, more than once, alluded to that gentleman.

Bassompierre's embassy to England, in 1626, was of the most delicate nature, no less than that of arranging a quarrel between Charles I. and his queen, whose attendants he had very properly dismissed, when their conduct was such as to render their remaining in England unsafe and impolitic. The treaty of marriage between Charles and Henrietta, daughter of Henry IV. of France, was the most impolitic and disgraceful that England ever made, for it not only allowed a very large and independent Roman Catholic household to the queen, and stipulated for an alteration of our constitutional laws, but even conceded that the royal offspring should be educated by Roman Catholics, till the age of thirteen; and finally, that such offspring, whatever faith they might profess, should succeed to the crown of these kingdoms.

The following are some of the articles of this obnoxious treaty, which was signed at Paris, the 10th November, 1625; they are extracted from the Appendix to this work:—

'Art. VII. The free exercise of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion shall be granted to Madame, as *likewise to all the children that shall be born of this marriage.*

'VIII. To that end, Madame shall have a chapel in all the royal palaces, and in every place of the king of Great Britain's dominions, where she shall reside.

'XI. Madame shall have in her house, twenty-eight priests, or ecclesiastics, almoners and chaplains included, to serve in her chapel, and if there are any regulars they shall wear the habit of their order.

'XII. The king and prince shall oblige themselves by oath, not to attempt by any means whatever, to persuade Madame to change her religion, or to engage her in any thing repugnant to it.

'XIV. All the domestics Madame shall bring into England shall be French catholics, chosen by the Most Christian King; and, in the room of those that shall die, she shall take other French catholics, with the consent, however, of the king of Great Britain.

'XIX. The children which shall be born of this marriage, shall be brought up by Madame, their mother, till the age of thirteen years.

'*Private or secret Articles.*—1. That the catholics, as well ecclesiastics as temporal, imprisoned since the last proclamation which followed the breach with Spain, should all be set at liberty.

'2. That the English catholics should be no more searched after nor molested for their religion.

'3. That the goods of the catholics, as well ecclesiastical as temporal, that were seized since the forementioned proclamation, should be restored to them.'

The terms of this treaty were not of a nature very likely to be kept, even had not the intolerable insolence of the French attendants fully justified their removal; for they not only created factions and dissensions among the people, and interfered in the domestic conduct of the king towards his consort, but the 'Queen of England was

forced, by "those meddling priests" to walk in penance to Tyburn, and there, on her knees, under the gibbet, glorify the blessed martyrs of the gunpowder plot.'

Charles, on dismissing the French attendants, lost no time in sending Lord Carleton to Paris, to satisfy the king and queen with what he had done; but he was very ill received, and Bassompierre sent over to remonstrate; on his arrival in London, he had many interviews with that great favourite, the Duke of Buckingham, the king refusing to see him unless he knew beforehand, what Bassompierre purposed to say to him; this the ambassador firmly refused, notwithstanding the intreaties of the duke, who swore that,—

'The only reason which obliged him, (the king,) to this, and which made him insist upon it was, that he could not help putting himself into a passion in treating the matters about which I had to speak to him, which would not be decent in the chair of state, in sight of the chief persons of the kingdom, both men and women; that the queen, his wife, was close to him, who, incensed at the dismissal of her servants, might commit some extravagance, and cry in sight of every body. In short, that he would not commit himself in public; and that he was sooner resolved to break up this audience, and grant me one in private, than to treat with me concerning any business before every body.'

At length it was agreed, that Bassompierre should have an audience in public to deliver his letters, but that the king should interrupt him from proceeding further at that time. The king, however, refused to see him in private, unless Father Sancy, whom he had brought from France with him, should be sent back; this Bassompierre refused, in very strong language; but the English were as haughty as himself, and he observes, with much pleasantry, 'I have received condescension from the Spaniards, and civility from the Swiss, but I have never been able to overcome the arrogance of the English.' Bassompierre, however, had an audience with the king, 'well disputed,' who then led him to the queen's apartments, where he had a long conversation. He was afterwards examined before the council, and replied to their answer with great vehemence, in a speech which lasted above an hour, and of which he seems very proud; both parties moderated their demands, and a treaty was agreed upon, and afterwards ratified by the king: Bassompierre gave some entertainments, and returned to France, after being detained fourteen days at Dover, which cost him fourteen thousand crowns, and losing clothes worth forty thousand francs, which he had 'bought in England to give away,' being obliged to throw them into the sea.

Having sketched the history of Bassompierre's embassy, which would not have been very interesting but for the notes of the editor, who modestly declines any other merit than that of having found the string which ties the *bouquet*, we shall not pursue the subject further at present, than by remarking the singular blunders which the ambassador makes in the English names, in which, however, his countrymen are quite as blameable at the present day: thus he writes *Hacfil* for Sackville,—*Withal* for Whitehall,—*Se-milton* for Wimbledon, and *Jorshaux* for York House.

The editor of these memoirs proves himself to be most intimately acquainted with the history of the period to which they relate, and, in his notes, has displayed so much research, and introduced so many curious anecdotes, that we shall be tempted to extend this subject to another article, for the purpose of making our readers acquainted

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with them; for the present, we conclude with one on the quick travelling of our ancestors:—

‘Sir Robert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, tells us himself, that when he carried the account of Queen Elizabeth’s death to King James, in Scotland, he rode from London to Edinburgh, four hundred miles, in about sixty hours, a wonderful instance of celerity, even without considering his stops at Doncaster and Witherington, (which latter, particularly, must have been of some hours,) and a bad fall which he had at Norham. But even this is out-done by a worthy, of whom we read in Stow, who performed one hundred and forty-four miles by land, and two voyages by sea, of about twenty-two miles each, in seventeen hours. For so wonderful a story, I am inclined to let the honest chronicler vouch in his own words.

‘Saturday, the seaventeenth day of July, 1619, Bernard Calvert, of Andover, about three o’clock in the morning, towke a horse at Saint George’s Church in Southwarke, and came to Dover about seaven of the clocke the same morning, where a barge, with eight oares, formerly sent from London thither, attended his suddaine coming: he instantly towke barge, and went to Callice, and in the same barge returned back to Dover, about three of the clocke the same day, where, as well there as in divers other places, he had layd sundry swift horses, besides guides: he rode back from thence to St. George’s Church in Southwarke the same evening, a little after eight o’clock, fresh and lusty.’ (Stow. 1032.)

‘All our modern match-riders must hide their diminished heads.’

(To be continued.)

A Manual of Chemistry; containing the principal Facts of the Science, arranged in the order in which they are discussed, and illustrated in the Lectures at the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By William Thomas Brande, Secretary of the Royal Society, Professor of Chemistry in the Royal Institution, &c. &c. 8vo. pp. 652. London, 1819.

(Continued from our last.)

We resume our extracts from this valuable elementary work, which treats on all the subjects of chemical science, with so much minuteness and precision; and first, of that great modern discovery, gas-illumination:—

‘The best kind of coal for distillation, is that which contains most bitumen and least sulphur. The chaldron should yield about twelve thousand cubical feet of purified gas, of which each Argands burner, equal to six wax candles, may be considered as consuming from four to five cubical feet per hour.

‘The economy of gas illumination may be judged of by examining the value of the products of distillation of a chaldron of coals, the average cost of which may be considered at £3. It should afford—

| | | | |
|------------------------------------------------------|-----|----|---|
| 1½ chaldron of coke, at 30s..... | 1 | 17 | 6 |
| 24 gallons of tar and ammoniacal liquor, at 3d. . | 0 | 6 | 0 |
| 1,200 cubic feet of gas, at 15s. per 1000 cubic feet | 9 | 0 | 0 |
| | £11 | 3 | 6 |

‘These products are taken at their lowest value, but they afford ample grounds for showing the advantage of gas illumination; not merely for public purposes, but also in private establishments. It appears, that where more than fifty lights are required, a coal gas apparatus will be found profitable.

‘Messrs. J. and P. Taylor have lately constructed an apparatus, for the conversion of oil into gas. It consists of a furnace, with a contorted iron tube passing through it, into which, when red hot, the oil is suffered to drop; it is decomposed, and converted almost entirely into charcoal, which is deposited in the tube, and into bi-carburetted hydrogen, of

which from two to three cubic feet may be regarded as equivalent to five or six of coal gas, for the production of light.

‘The commonest whale oil, or even pilchard dregs, quite unfit for burning in the usual way, afford abundance of excellent gas, requiring no other purification than passing through a refrigerator, to free it of a quantity of empyreumatic vapour.’

The chapter which treats on nickel is highly interesting, and from it we select the following curious history and hypothesis respecting meteoric stones:—

‘There is only one alloy of nickel which requires notice, namely, that with iron, which forms the principal metallic ingredient in those lapideous masses, which, in different countries, have fallen upon our globe, and which have been termed *meteoric stones*. Though we really know nothing of the source or origin of these bodies, it has been ascertained upon the most satisfactory and indisputable evidence, that they are not of terrestrial formation; and, consequently, since men began to think and reason correctly, their visits to our planet have awakened much speculation, and some experimental research.

‘In the first place, it deserves to be remarked, that we have very distinct evidence of the falling of stony bodies from the atmosphere in various countries, and at very remote periods. For, to say nothing of the fabulous narrations which encumber the annals of ancient Rome, or the extended catalogue of wonders flowing from the lively imagination of oriental writers, such events are recorded in holy writ, and have been set down by the most accredited of the early historians; and although philosophic scepticism long contended against the admission of the fact, it has, in modern times, received such unanswerable proofs, as to be allowed by all who have candidly considered the evidence, and is only rejected by the really ignorant, or by those who, for the sake of singularity, affect disbelief.

‘The first tolerably accurate narration of the fall of a meteoric stone, relates to that of Ensisheim, near Basle, upon the Rhine. The account which is deposited in the church, runs thus: A. D. 1492, Wednesday, 7 November, there was a loud clap of thunder, and a child saw a stone fall from heaven; it struck into a field of wheat, and did no harm, but made a hole there. The noise it made was heard at Lucerne, Villing, and other places; on the Monday, King Maximilian ordered the stone to be brought to the castle, and after having conversed about it with the noblemen, said the people of Ensisheim should hang it up in their church, and his royal excellency strictly forbade any body to take any thing from it. *His excellency, however, took two pieces himself, and sent another to Duke Sigismund of Austria.* This stone weighed 255 lbs.

‘In 1627, 27th November, the celebrated Gassendi saw a burning stone fall on Mount Vaisir, in Provence: he found it to weigh 59 lbs.

‘In 1672, a stone fell near Verona, weighing 300 lbs. And Lucas, when at Larissa, in 1706, describes the falling of a stone, with a loud hissing noise, and smelling of sulphur.

‘In September, 1753, de Lalande witnessed this extraordinary phenomenon, near Pont de Vesle. In 1768, no less than three stones fell in different parts of France. In 1790, there was a shower of stones near Agen, witnessed by M. Darcet and several other respectable persons. And, on the 18th of December, 1795, a stone fell near Major Topham’s house, in Yorkshire; it was seen by a ploughman and two other persons, who immediately dug it out of the hole it had buried itself in; it weighed 56 lbs.

‘We have various other, and equally satisfactory accounts of the same kind. All concur in describing a luminous meteor, moving through the air in a more or less oblique direction, attended by a hissing noise, and the fall of stony or semi-metallic masses, in a state of ignition. We have, however, evidence of another kind, amply proving the peculiarities of these bodies. It is, that although they have fallen in very different countries, and at distant periods, when submitted to chemical analysis they all agree in component parts; the

metallic particles being composed of nickel and iron; the earthy, of silica and magnesia.

Large masses of *native iron* have been found in different parts of the world, of the history and origin of which nothing very accurate is known. Such are the great block of iron at Elbogen, in Bohemia; the large mass discovered by Pallas, weighing 1600 lbs. near Krasnojarsk, in Siberia; that found by Goldberry, in the great desert of Zahra, in Africa; probably, also, that mentioned by Mr. Barrow, on the banks of the great fish river in Southern Africa; and those noticed by Cels, Bruce, Bougainville, Humboldt, and others in America, of enormous magnitude, exceeding thirty tons in weight. That these should be of the same source as the other meteoric stones, seems at first to startle belief; but when they are submitted to analysis, and the iron they contain, found alloyed by nickel, it no longer seems credulous to regard them as of meteoric origin. We find nothing of the kind in the earth.

To account for these uncommon visitations of metallic and lapideous bodies, a variety of hypotheses have been suggested.

Are they merely earthly matter, fused by lightning? Are they the offspring of any terrestrial volcano? These were once favourite notions; but we know of no instance in which similar bodies have in that way been produced, nor do the lavas of known volcanos in the least resemble these bodies, to say nothing of the inexplicable projectile force that would here be wanted. This is merely explaining what is puzzling, by assuming what is impossible; and the persons who have taken up this conjecture, have assumed one impossibility to account for what they conceive to be another, namely, that the stony bodies should come from any other source than our own globe.

The notion that these bodies come from the moon, is, when impartially considered, neither absurd nor impossible. It is quite true, that the quiet way in which they visit us is against such an origin; it seems, however, that any power which would move a body six thousand feet in a second, that is, about three times the velocity of a cannon-ball, would throw it from the sphere of the moon's attraction into that of our earth. The cause of this projective force may be a volcano, and, if thus impelled, the body would reach us in about two days, and enter our atmosphere, with a velocity of about twenty-five thousand feet in a second. Their ignition may be accounted for, either by supposing the heat generated by their motion in our atmosphere sufficient to ignite them, or by considering them as combustibles, ignited by the mere contact of air.

While we are considering the *possibility* of these opinions, it may be remembered, that in the great laboratory of the atmosphere, chemical changes *may* happen, attended by the *production* of iron and other metals; that at all events such a circumstance is within the range of possible occurrences; and that the meteoric bodies which thus salute the earth with stony showers, may be children of the air, created by the union of simple forms of matter. The singular relationship between iron and nickel, and magnetism, and the uniform influence of meteoric phenomena, on the magnetic needle, should be taken into account in these hypotheses.

Much has been lately said on the mistakes that have occurred in taking oxalic acid for Epsom salts, and a correspondent has, in our last number, exposed the absurdity of legislative enactments on the subject; Mr. Brande recommends, that 'the instant the accident is discovered, a quantity of powdered chalk, diffused in warm water, should be taken, and vomiting excited as speedily as possible.'

(To be continued.)

The Aubid: an Eastern Tale. By James Atkinson, Esq. 8vo. pp. 47. London, 1819.

THE story on which this poem is founded, is short, but interesting; Akber, a pilgrim, who

—' might boast a soul from sin secure,
If pilgrim prayers made absolution sure,'

was on his return from Mecca, with his wife and child, saved from a storm in the Red Sea, which threatened their destruction, but to fall into the hands of an Arab Pirate, who seized their treasures, and setting fire to the bark, left them to perish in the flames; his wife sunk under her misfortunes, into apparent death—the pirates still followed them, and having revived the fainting Akber, bore away his wife and child; the latter died, but Zureen, for so his wife was called, was destined for the harem of the Arab chief. Akber, who had been left to perish on the burning rocks of Jib-ool-Tor, an island in the Red Sea, wanders as the Aubid, (a durwesh or devotee) to the court of the Arab chief, whom he meets just before the harem, proceeding to the festival of the Shubiraut: he addresses the Arab chief, and told the tale of his own woes, while he concealed that he was the person. Zureen heard the tale, uttered a piercing scream, and sunk among her sister victims; she recognizes the voice of the Aubid, effects her escape from the harem, and takes refuge in a brahmin's cot, where the steps of the wandering Aubid were soon directed, and they meet; the Arab chief, fired with a thirst for vengeance, pursues them, with a hostile band, whom the Aubid addresses on the unhallowed cause they are engaged in, and declares himself to be Akber; the chief is in confusion, his followers desert him, he attempts to stab Akber, who defends himself. Zureen hearing the clashing of swords, runs to her husband, clasped his arm and clung round his body, until she is stabbed in the heart by the pirate: the Aubid seizes the murderer by the throat,

'Then from the rocky steep the robber flung;
Tumbling from crag to crag—midway he hung,
Firmly transfix'd upon a jutting peak;
The vultures heard his soul's last terrible shriek,
And pouncing on their prey, the limbs divide,
Feasting with ravenous maw, till gorged and satisfied.'

The Aubid clings to the lifeless corse of his wife, becomes distracted,

'And gazes on, till life exhausted, sinks away.'

Such is the story on which Mr. Atkinson has founded a poem, which lays no small claim to poetic merit; the description is lively and forcible, the language elegant, the verse flowing and often rich in melody, and there is a vigour throughout the whole, in expressing the natural feelings and passions of men, of the most animating description. We select as a specimen, one stanza only, the interview between the Aubid and his wife at the brahmin's cot:—

'The Aubid's mien had raised her strong desire,
To seek his home—she marked his eye of fire,
Whose glance expressive o'er her fancy rolled
Visions of things remembered, days of old;
Grief was forgot, and Hope triumphant smiled,
As if bland Fortune's promise ne'er beguiled:
Thus in that fresh and fragrant dell where meet
A thousand flowrets in confusion sweet,
Deep shadows rest upon them, and subdue
Their brilliant richness to a colder hue;
The sun comes round, the gloom is chased away,
And all their beauty glitters in the ray.
—And see her now in search of that lone spot
In which he dwelt, a narrow cave, or grot;
With mind heroic pierce the thicket's maze,
Climb the huge rock, and meet his wondering gaze.'

The Aubid views her slow approach, he flies
To yield her aid, and thus impassioned cries:
"Heaven guard thy steps, and banish every fear!
No base destroyer can assail thee here."

"O tell me then, if right my thoughts divine?
For voice mysterious whispers thou art mine!
Yet how? thy name, thy sorrows may explain;
Speak, and existence may have charms again."
She ceased, and with a look that might express
Affection pure, besought him to confess;
Then with a trembling hand upraised her veil,
And briefly told her melancholy tale.
The sluggish blood, that almost choked his heart,
Now flows apace—he breathes—her words impart
Life, love, and bliss,—the dead revived he sees,
And clasps her yielding form, in ecstasies.
Then sudden bursts away in furious mood,
And talks of vengeance, robbers, men of blood!
Trembling she marks his sad and lowering brow,
His deep sunk eye, that flashes wildly now;
Conflicting passions rend his tortured breast,
And fix him like a statue. Man unblest!
What are thy prayers, thy holy garb—when, here,
A woman's tongue befools thee! pious seer?"

From the notes, which are explanatory of some passages in the poem, we extract one relative to Mahomedan superstition:—

"The Mahomedans are not much addicted to ghostly superstition. They believe generally, the Afghans in particular, that the shades of the departed sit each at the head of its own grave, *invisible to mortal eyes*, and enjoy the odour of the garlands which are hung on their tombs, and of the incense which is burnt, as on *Shubraut*, by their surviving relations. See Elphinstone's *Caubul*. There is however, a story, contained in the *Tooti-nama*, which describes a ghost more particularly. It is the apparition of the life of the King of Tuburstan, and the apparition, singularly enough, has a *female* form! The watchman of the king hears a voice in the woods, and, on proceeding thither, he discovers a most beautiful female under a tree, crying continually, "I am going, who is there generous enough to detain me?" The watchman asks who she is, and she replies: "I am the life of the King of Tuburstan! his time is come—and therefore I am going!" The faithful watchman inquires by what means her steps may be arrested, and she very unceremoniously tells him, that if he will go home and cut his daughter's throat, the king's life will be prolonged! The watchman does not hesitate a moment, his daughter is sacrificed, the king lives, and he is himself rewarded for his devoted attachment to a good sovereign."

Journey from Moscow to Constantinople, in the years 1817 and 1818. By William Macmichael, M. D. F. R. S. 4to. pp. 272. London, 1819.

(Concluded from our last.)

BEING provided with a firman from the porte, and accompanied by a Janissary, Mustafa, and a Greek servant, Nicolo, a native of Corfu, Mr. Legh sailed from Constantinople on the 15th of March, and, after a tempestuous voyage of seventeen days, during which the vessel touched at Rhodes, and took in fifty pilgrims at Larnica, in Cyprus, he reached Jaffa on the 2d of April; here he rested two days, and, assuming the Turkish dress, took the road to Jerusalem. At the convent of Terra Santa, he met with Mr. Banks, the Hon. Capt. Irby, and Capt. Mangles, who had just returned from an unsuccessful attempt to penetrate, by the north and eastern coast of the Dead Sea, to Wadi Moosa, the supposed site of Petra:—

"They had crossed the Jordan, and entered into a negotia-

tion with the powerful tribe of the Benesabar Arabs, who, for a reward of fifteen hundred piastres, had engaged to conduct them to Wadi Moosa*; but, on the receipt of the money, were found unable to perform their promise, and the travellers, after suffering great privations from want of food, effected a most masterly retreat from Salt, escaped the tents of their treacherous guides, re-crossed the Jordan, and returned to Jerusalem."

Though this attempt had failed, yet the party agreed with Mr. Legh to make a second endeavour, and remained a month at Jerusalem to discover the means of prosecuting a journey which promised so much interesting discovery, but which appeared to be attended with many difficulties. During their stay at Jerusalem, they had an opportunity of witnessing the ridiculous farce of the sacred fire, and the other ceremonies of the holy week, so faithfully described by Maundrell: they also accompanied the Pilgrims to the Jordan, about six thousand in number, who went under the protection of the Moosillim, and a strong escort:—

"The group of pilgrims consisted of Russians, Servians, Bulgarians, Greeks, Armenians, Georgians, Circassians, and Christians, from Asia Minor and the northern parts of Syria; men, women, and children, on foot, horses, camels, mules, and asses; the green banner of Mahomet waved at the head of the procession. The first evening we encamped near the village that occupies the situation of ancient Jericho, forming one of the most extraordinary sights I had ever witnessed; in the centre of the camp was pitched the tent of the Moosillim, but the greater part of the pilgrims passed the night on the earth, in the open air, singing and performing other exercises of devotion.

"At two o'clock after midnight, the drum of the dahlis announced the hour of departure, and we continued our march, by torch-light, towards the Jordan, which we reached at sunrise.

"The banks of the river are so beset by tamarisks, willows, oleanders, and other shrubs, that the sacred stream is not visible, except on the nearest approach. Making their way through the thick bushes, men, women, and children plunged into the water with the greatest eagerness and show of religious fervour. Many of the pilgrims jumped in with their clothes on, and others had their garments handed to them, which being dipped and wrung out, were carefully folded up, to be preserved as holy reliques. Most of our party swam across the rapid stream of the Jordan, which is here not much wider than the Thames, a little below Oxford, and from the opposite bank had a full view of this singular spectacle. The water was of a white muddy colour, and had a brackish taste.

"Our Arab guides had endeavoured to alarm us as to the consequences of bathing in these pestiferous waters; but we made the experiment, and found that though two of our party were unable to swim, they were buoyed up in a most extraordinary manner. The sensation perceived immediately upon dipping was, that we had lost our sight; and any part of the body that happened to be excoriated, smarted excessively. The taste of the water was bitter, and intolerably saline.

"From this experiment some of us suffered a good deal of inconvenience, an oily incrustation being left upon the body, which no attempt at washing could remove for some time; and several of the party continued to lose portions of skin for many succeeding days!"

The party, consisting of Mr. Legh, Captains Irby and Mangles, Mr. Banks, and their servants and interpreters, left Jerusalem, on their way to Petra, on the morning of the 6th of May, and reached Hebron the next day, where they surveyed the mosque which is built over the sepulchre of Abraham, but they were not permitted to enter it, although that privilege was extended to Hadgi Mahomet,

* The Valley of Moses.

the attendant of Mr. Bankes and Mr. Legh's Tartar servant, who reported that,—

'The sepulchre of Abraham was more richly decorated than any of the others. At the mouth of a well, sunk in the interior of the building, stood a dervish, who, for a slight gratification, wrote down the names of the devotees who consulted him, and then dropped the paper, carefully watching its manner of descent: if it fell perpendicularly, without any vibration, the omen was good; otherwise, it betokened ill. The fall of the name of my Tartar was of the latter complexion, and the effect of this evil augury was visible during the rest of the journey; for, naturally rather a coward, he ever afterwards betrayed signs of the most ridiculous terror.'

The party being unable to obtain guides to conduct them to Wadi Moosa, the great object of their journey, on account of the perilous nature of the expedition, at length agreed with five Arabs to guide them to Karrac. They had not proceeded far, when, imprudently offering these men the sum of five hundred piastres to change their route, and lead them direct to Wadi Moosa, the Arabs, finding them so rich, resolutely demanded the money, or that they would not even conduct them to Karrac; this they refused, and rode off from their guides, determined to proceed alone; but three of the Arabs afterwards joined them again. Travelling onward, they found the country assumed the most fantastic shapes, conical hills of a white chalky appearance, whose summits were covered with flinty substances; from these eminences they enjoyed a commanding prospect of the Dead Sea, which convinced them that the project of reaching the eastern side of it was not entirely impracticable. From a tribe of Arabs who call themselves Goharnees, and who were represented to be very vicious, they received much hospitality, and were treated with the doom-apple, pounded into a paste, and mixed up with butter, which was very palatable.

At Karrac, which the party entered through a long winding passage, apparently cut with great labour through the natural rock, they met with a favourable reception from the sheikh, a fine venerable old man about sixty years of age, who had gone to a neighbouring village to celebrate his marriage with a young bride of the age of twelve. The only mosque in Karrac was in ruins, and there was also the remains of a Greek church:—

'The population of Karrac is half Christian and half Mahometan, who appeared to live on very amicable terms. The women here were not under the usual restraint, but went with their faces uncovered, upon which were generally to be seen dark bluish spots, made, I believe, with antimony; from one of their nostrils a ring was frequently suspended. They wore robes of blue cotton, and a black silk veil drawn across the point of the chin only. Their conversation with us was perfectly unembarrassed; some of them being ill, asked us for a medicine, the beneficial effect of which increased the good opinion they began to entertain of us.'

For four hundred piastres, the sheikh agreed to accompany our travellers to Wadi Moosa, and the bargain being struck they left Karrac, on the 17th of May, and were hospitably entertained in the tent of a Bedouen Arab, with coffee, curds, and whey, which they drank out of the hollow of their hands, and an entire sheep cut in pieces and boiled in *lebbin*, or sour milk. Their manner of eating, and which the strangers were obliged to conform to, was as follows:—

'The pieces of mutton were thrown into a large wooden bowl, and the fat of the tail being cut in lumps, was placed on the top, for this was reckoned the chief delicacy, and was

bolted with the greatest rapidity. A smaller bowl, containing hot butter*, was brought in and poured over the meat. It was necessary to be on the alert, for as many as could get near were squatted round the mess, and every hand was eagerly employed in snatching and tearing the pieces of meat. Those who were not able to approach the bowl, stood at the backs of the more fortunate guests, and thankfully received the half-gnawed bones which they finally threw to the dogs, who formed the outer circle. The repast was concluded by a dish of *burgul*, made of green wheat, peeled and boiled in the same sour milk, that had served for the cooking of the mutton. It was eaten by being formed into balls by the hand, and then, by the help of the thumb, dexterously thrust into the mouth.'

Such is the rude but hospitable entertainment of a Bedouen Arab, and it applies pretty uniformly to every repast given while our travellers resided among them. The manner of entering an Arab tent is thus:—

'If the sheikh happens to be in company with the strangers, you ride directly through the circle, towards the tent of the chief; but if not, the custom is to form a line at some distance from the encampment, and, on nearer approach, suddenly to wheel round, at the back of the other tents, and thus reach from behind the residence of the chief. A spear of bamboo, under the iron head of which usually hangs a bunch of ostrich feathers, is reared up against his tent, and distinguishes the abode of the sheikh, in front of which, at a short distance, is piqueted his mace.'

While in the camp of the Sheikh Selim, they observed many of the old women, and a few of the young ones, with their cheeks scratched and their faces covered with blood, and were informed that they had mourned the day before for the death of a female belonging to the family of the Sheikh. After much opposition from some of the sheikhs, which it was necessary to oppose, sometimes by conciliatory manners, and at others by the utmost firmness and indifference, our party, through the assistance of Sheikh Mahomet Ebn Raschid, were permitted to proceed and 'drink the waters of Wadi Moosa.' We pass over much interesting detail to come to a description of the wonders of Petra. This city, in the time of Augustus, was the residence of a king who governed the inhabitants of Arabia Petreæa. The country was conquered by Trajan, and by him annexed to Palestine. In more modern times, Baldwin I, king of Jerusalem, becoming master of Petra, gave it the name of Mons Regalis. Our travellers are now arrived at the stream at the foot of the mud village of Wadi Moosa

'Our conductor, Ebn Raschid, with an air of triumph, insisted on our watering our horses at the rivulet; and while we halted for that purpose, we examined a sepulchre excavated in the rock, to the right of the road. It was of considerable dimensions; at the entrance of the open court that led to the inner chamber, were represented two animals, resembling lions or sphinxes, but much disfigured, of colossal size. In the sides of the interior apartment, were cut deep niches. As this was the first object of curiosity that presented itself, we began to measure its dimensions; but our guides grew impatient, and said that if we intended to be so accurate in our survey of all the extraordinary places we should see, we should not finish in ten thousand years. We remounted our horses, and rode into a most sombre and terrific pass, varying from eight to fifteen feet in width; the sides of which were formed by completely perpendicular precipices, rising to the height of from two hundred to five hundred feet,—occasionally the lofty summits alternately inclined towards each other, so as often to exclude

* Their butter, made from the milk of goats or sheep, is churned by the women, who suspend from the apex of three sticks, placed pyramidically, a skin, partly filled with milk and partly inflated. This they move rapidly to and fro till the process is completed.'

almost entirely the light from above. In some places niches were sculptured in the sides of the rocks, in which statues had probably formerly been placed; and we saw frequent representations of rude stones, mysterious symbols of an indefinite figure, detached in relief from the body of the rock. Water-courses, or earthen pipes, situated at various heights, were observable on either hand of the pass: the tamarisk, oleander, wild fig, and other shrubs, obstructed the passage below, or hung from crevices in the cliffs above. When we had proceeded rather more than half a mile, on looking up, an arch, perhaps belonging to an aqueduct, was seen connecting the opposite precipices. We continued to explore the gloomy winding passage for the distance of about two miles, gradually descending, when the beautiful façade of a temple burst on our view. A statue of victory, with wings, filled the centre of an aperture like an attic window; and groups of colossal figures, representing a centaur and a young man, were placed on each side of a portico of lofty proportion, comprizing two stories, and deficient in nothing but a single column. The temple was entirely excavated from the solid rock, and preserved from the ravages of time and the weather by the massive projections of the natural cliffs above, in a state of exquisite and inconceivable perfection. But the interior chambers were comparatively small, and appeared unworthy of so magnificent a portico. On the summit of the front was placed a vase, hewn also out of the solid rock, conceived by the Arabs to be filled with the most valuable treasure, and shewing, in the numerous shot-marks on its exterior, so many proofs of their avidity; for it is so situated as to be inaccessible to other attacks. This was the *hasna*, or treasure of Pharaoh, as it is called by the natives, which Ebn-Raschid, our conductor, swore "we should behold." While Mr. Banks was employed in sketching the temple, my two friends, Captains Irby and Mangles, climbed, with great difficulty, up some broken steps on the left of the edifice, to the top of the rocks, and reported, on their descent, that they had seen, at some distance to the westward, a vase of colossal dimensions, probably belonging to another temple.

In front, but rather to the right of the temple, were many excavated chambers. Leaving this splendid monument on the left hand, we continued for about three hundred yards in the same narrow and awful pass, when we reached more excavated apartments, and at the termination of the rocks, to the left, arrived at the amphitheatre we had seen from the Arab camp, during our negotiation with Abou-Zeitun; thirty three steps (*gradini*) were to be counted, but, unfortunately, the proscenium not having been excavated, like the other parts, but built, was in ruins; so that we had here also to regret, as in most other similar monuments, the absence of that portion of an ancient theatre. A large open space now presented itself, strewed over with tiles, bricks, and the rubbish of former buildings. The only edifice of consequence was on the left of the area, which had the appearance of a palace; the rocks which enclosed the space on all sides, with the exception of the north-east, were hollowed out into innumerable chambers, of different dimensions, whose entrances were variously, richly, and often fantastically decorated, with every imaginable order of architecture.

Mount Thor was next visited, the ascent of which was so rugged and difficult, that it occupied an hour and a half to reach its summit, on which is a small white building crowned by a cupola, that contains the tomb of Aaron. The monument is of stone, about three feet high, against the walls of which were suspended, beads, bits of cloth, and leather, the votive offerings left by devotees. The remainder of Mr. Legh's narrative is principally devoted to an account of the manners and customs of the Arabs, of which we can give but a slight sketch. The tents of an Arab encampment are always of the same construction:—

'They are made by women, of goat's hair, mixed with that of the camel, or coarse wool, and are usually twenty-five feet

long, and about fourteen wide. One half of each tent is allotted to the women, where all cooking takes place, and the other half is occupied by the males,—a screen separating the females from view. In the division appropriated to the men during the day, the kids and lambs are driven for shelter during the cold nights of severe weather. The height of the tent is, in the centre, about six feet, sloping gradually to the sides, which are stretched out by cords. The middle is supported by three poles, attached to the ground by ropes, made also of goat's hair; the tents are pitched in an instant, and with so little regard to convenience of local situation, that large stones, lying in the way, are frequently enclosed within them. The sides of the tent are fastened to the upper part by wooden skewers, and can be taken off or put on at pleasure, according to the state of the weather. The furniture of these dwellings consists of different sized wooden bowls, of the rudest workmanship, the common hand-mill of the east, two or three kettles of copper or iron, a few goat skins, to hold milk or water, cushions and carpets, made by the women, of coarse materials, but otherwise not inelegant.'

The dress of the better sort of Arabs, is a sheep-skin pelisse, hanging half way down their thighs, the wool worn inside, and the exterior tanned of a reddish brown colour; their *abba*, or outer garment, is sometimes black, at others striped, of various colours; and attached to a leathern belt, worn round their waist, is a pocket, containing flint and steel, and the matches used for their muskets, prepared from the filaments of the oscar plant. Most of the Arabs go bare-footed, but the richer wear sandals of leather, or untanned hide:—

'The common Bedouens seldom pray, but superstitiously carry about their necks, bits of paper, upon which characters are written by travelling dervishes, supposed to possess various virtues,—among others, that of warding off the evil eye. Old Yousouf was, however, more regular in his devotions, and during the whole of our journey with him, observed the stated hours of prayer, with his face religiously turned towards Mecca. We were on such good terms with the sheikh, that though it is a custom with a Mahometan, when he prays, to take care that an infidel is not interposed between him and the sacred temple of the prophet at Mecca; and if that cannot be avoided, to put a sword, or some other weapon of that sort, between him and the stranger; yet Yousouf shewed us the respect toom it that precaution; and once, when one of his attendants, happening to come into the tent during his devotions, placed a ramrod in that situation, the sheikh himself took it up and laid it on one side. On parting, I gave him a pocket compass, and as the situation of Karrac is nearly due north from Mecca, his satisfaction at such a present was not to be expressed, as he now said he should always know precisely how to place himself at the hour of prayer.'

On the 25th of June, our travellers reached Acre, in the streets of which they found some few beggars, without noses, eyes, or ears, so many proofs of the wanton cruelty of the famous Pasha of Acre, who merited and acquired the name of 'the butcher.' After remaining four days at Acre, Mr. Legh took leave of his fellow travellers, and proceeded to Sur, the modern name of the ancient city of Tyre, now a miserable insignificant fishing hamlet. The subjects of the Emeer Besheer, the Druzes, are in their persons fair, with blue eyes; and their women are said to be extremely beautiful:—

'One of the most extraordinary parts of the attire of their females is, a silver horn, sometimes studded with jewels, worn on their heads in various positions, distinguishing their different conditions. A married woman has it affixed on the right side of the head, a widow on the left, and a virgin is pointed out by its being placed on the very crown; over this silver projection the long veil is thrown, with which they so com-

pletely conceal their faces, as rarely to leave more than one eye visible.'

Mr. Legh afterwards visited Damascus and Palmyra; with a brief account of the former of these celebrated cities, we shall conclude our extracts from this highly curious and entertaining narrative:—

'The city is long and narrow, and the houses, built of mud-bricks, have an exterior extremely mean, which little corresponds with the display of magnificence within. Round a square court, planted with trees, and containing a marble fountain, are arranged the apartments, closed up towards the court on three sides, but open to the air on the fourth. The floors of the rooms are generally inlaid with white and variegated marble; the windows are frequently of stained glass, and the walls are beautifully painted in fresco, with representations, not of flowers or arabesques, but of the most curious and intricate angular patterns and mathematical figures. During my stay, the fast of the Ramadan was observed; in the day-time, therefore, the streets were deserted, and the houses shut up; but at the night the city was gaily illuminated by means of lamps placed in three circular pieces of wood, suspended from cords that cross from one side of the street to the other. After sun-set, the coffee-houses were also opened, and I went one evening to the most celebrated place of resort of this description, situated on the banks of three streams of the river, where the guests were entertained with dancing, singing, story-telling, and puppet-shows.'

It would be almost superfluous to add, that, on the whole, Mr. Macmichael's work is an interesting one, at least the extended notice of it which we give, is a strong proof of our having thought it so; the part of it which most pleases us, is Mr. Legh's route to Syria, a country fertile in the venerable monuments of antiquity, and which furnished to the traveller adventures of a much higher description than in the route from Moscow to Constantinople, though our author, in this, has related much with which former travellers had left us unacquainted. As a writer, Mr. Macmichael will not rank high, but the simplicity of the narrative, and the general minuteness with which he relates whatever fell under his own observation, are strong recommendations of the work; but, in some cases, we think he has recorded the assertions of others with too little discrimination. For instance, when he tells us that a Russian serf, 'a good customer,' to be sure, would drink one hundred roubles worth of spirits in the course of the week, is he aware that brandy is not more than a rouble per bottle! and where is the peasant either in Russia or in any other country, that could drink one half of it. The work is embellished with some aquatinta engravings of the principal objects in their journey, which are better designed than executed: that of the ruined Caravanserai, at Hafsa, is the best.

Lines, to T. Dibdin, Esq. of the Surrey Theatre, on his Popular Romantic Drama, from 'Tales of my Landlord,' called 'The Heart of Midlothian, or the Lily of St. Leonard's.' 8vo. pp. 31. London, 1819.

WE are induced to notice this poem, for two reasons, first, because it possesses sufficient humour to recommend itself, and secondly, that it is a well-merited tribute to the talents of one of the best dramatic writers of the present day, and to the superior excellence of one of the most interesting dramas that has been produced at any theatre, or many years. The author acknowledges, that the too common prejudice against any but the 'grand establishments,' had, in some degree, influenced him, and, in an

intelligent and spirited prefatory letter to Mr. Dibdin, in which he regrets the present degraded state of the drama, he has the following remarks:—

'Sir, I am free to confess I entered your theatre, it being what we call a *minor* theatre, with a good deal of the cant prejudice so common in this most sapient metropolis, with respect to matters of this sort, i. e. "What! *you* go to a *minor* theatre for amusement! and do *you* expect to be amused? Ha! ha!—droll enough to be sure. For the moon to turn herself into a match-girl, and sell six bunches for a penny, is perfectly natural—nothing at all strange in it—but for *you* to go to —. Well—some folks have singular fancies." Now, Sir, you must know, all this is vastly common, and particularly with your half-witted, half-fine, half-tasteful ladies and gentlemen, who partly compose this gloriously sapient metropolis, as aforesaid. God help 'em! and make "incision in 'em," as our divine William Shakespear writes. I had heard much of your play, Sir—I went to see it—it was a triumph truly. The tale is affecting to a high degree; the characters are sweetly drawn, and I must say the acting was, almost without a single exception, excellent; and I was wonderfully well pleased with it. When the curtain fell, I hurried home, full of it, lest any thing I might see after it, should efface the pleasant impression. I drew a chair—grasped a favourite old pen—took a nice half quire of gilt-edged, and at it I went; when (wouldst thou think it?) two or three good-natured hours, pleasantly spent, produced the following lines.'

The poem, which is divided into two parts, is in the true *Beppo* style, so far as relates to a varied and playful versification, for it passes from—

'Grave to gay, from lively to severe,'

with the utmost facility. Many parts of it possess considerable merit, and bespeak an intelligent and cultivated mind; and, if the rhymes are not always good, they are at least amusing. After noticing the convenient size of the Surrey Theatre, and its general advantages, he proceeds to the more immediate object of his muse, the drama of the 'Heart of Midlothian,' on seeing which,

'We do sae laugh—we do sae cry—
We do sae rub our dreeping eye—
We do sae melt, however stout,—
We do sae throw our sighs about—
We do sae feel all sorts of feeling,
Whiles the pathetic tale is telling,
That surely we did never so
Take pleasure in a tale of woe!
O! was *all* our ill in life—
O! was *all* our earthly strife—
O! was care's old reckless knife;
But always blunted like this tale,
We should na ha' much cause to wail!
There is so much kind feeling spread
Throughout the thing from toe to head,
That we should all our mirth forego,
And henceforth be in love with woe!'

To that excellent and deserving actress, Miss Taylor, he pays a well-merited compliment:—

'"Eh! Jeanie, woman"—ye're a lassie
Warth a' the laird's auld silk an brassie,
Sic sic a heart I have na seen—
Sic sic a heart there has na been
This mony a day to grace the scene!
Madam—'tis clear Dame Nature ha' lent
To thy sweet self her choicest talent,
And much it pleases me that thou'rt
Unspoiled by all the noisy rout
Of that twice-thousand tongued applause,
Which ever shouts in thy sweet cause.'

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There are, I know, who would have given
Themselves, in that, such airs, that Heaven
Itself would seem to them—but mum—
E'en but a very sugar plum!

Nor does he omit all the leading persons, who have characters in this play, and whose talents he appreciates very justly, but, as our wish is now only to make the poem known to our readers, we will not anticipate the pleasure they will feel on the perusal of the whole, by drawing too freely from its contents. Of Mrs. Dibdin, who plays the Queen most royally, and Fitzwilliam, who makes so much of the Laird of Dumbiedikes, he thus speaks:—

'Who's this?—My! bless me how majestic!
Rare bonnie shape! fine face! and best neck;
And, gracious! such a queen-like air
May well make Jeanie blush and stare.
Stand off—have done—no nonsense glib—
The queen approaches—Mistress Dib.
Argyle awa'—hark—Jeanie pleads.
Oh! every mother's son who reads
These simple lines, my tears are blent
With Dibdin's, or I'd compliment!
And say "O what a perfect queen!"—
I cannot do't—it must be seen!

'The Laird! the Laird! come forward Fitz.
And bid the folks all lose their wits,
Or mounted on thy best of tits,
Prove thou canst fill the very earth full
Of scenes pathetic, well as mirthful*.
Long may'st thou, while excell'd by no man,
Sigh thy droll speech "Eh! Jeanie, woman!"

We confess, we have been very agreeably amused with this playful little poem, and think it only requires to be read, to extend the same gratification to others.

Original Correspondence.

COMPARATIVE STATE OF PAUPERISM NOW AND AT THE REVOLUTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—Among the numerous complaints that are made of the distresses of the present times, and the state to which our country is now reduced, there is none more frequent or more exaggerated than that of the increase of pauperism. The landed interest in particular complain on this head, and although it will be admitted that the poor rates have increased in a most rapid manner, yet the cause is by no means attributable to the increased number of paupers. The tendency of the poor laws to degrade the most numerous class of the English population, cannot, perhaps, be rated too high, but their direct action upon the national wealth, and more especially their pressure upon the landed interest, is greatly over-rated. It is estimated, upon good authority, that there are in England and Wales nine hundred thousand persons who receive parish assistance, including those who receive occasional relief, as well as those

* 'This gentleman here displayed a new touch of excellence—pathos: at least, it was new to the author of these lines; but doubtless, he was a solitary instance of one in ten thousand, not to know, previous to this, that the *tender* was among Mr. Fitzwilliam's chief excellencies. However, he (the author of these lines) was agreeably surprized in the scene where the Laird gives the money to poor Jeanie.—It was, indeed, excellently done, and he gladly pays him this humble tribute accordingly.—May, 1819.'

who derive their whole support from the parish. The amount of assistance given is estimated pretty certainly at eight millions, of which one fourth, or two millions, is spent in law expenses, and the expenses of removal. Now, since the main evil of the present system lies in its action upon the moral and social condition of the people, it is of far more importance, towards a just comparison of our present state, with our state in a former period, to determine the proportion of the population which receives support, than the proportion of the national income which is received. Taking, then, the period of the revolution, in 1688, for one term in the comparison, and the present year as the other, we shall find, that in the former period, according to the calculation of Gregory King, (approved by Davenant and checked by a variety of collateral evidence,) four hundred thousand families were in a state of pauperism: now allowing $3\frac{1}{4}$ persons to each family, (a very low estimate,) we shall obtain a total of thirteen hundred thousand, who, at that day, received parish assistance, independent of a vagrant population, estimated, by King, at thirty thousand, many of whom drew parish allowances, and all of whom, especially the gypsies, burdened the landed property more or less. The total number of paupers, then, in 1688, exceeded a million by three hundred and thirty thousand; the total number, in 1818, fell short of a million by one hundred thousand. So much for the *absolute* number; now, then, for the *relative* number; that is, the number in proportion to the whole population. King computes the English population, in 1688, at one million three hundred and forty-nine thousand five hundred and eighty-six families; that is, allowing an average of four one-thirteenth head to each family, five million five hundred thousand five hundred and twenty souls in England and Wales. In 1818, the population of the same parts of our island is full eleven millions, or just double what it was in 1688: thus it will appear, that the paupers constituted not much less than a fourth part of the whole nation in 1688, and something less than a twelfth in 1818. Now, the yearly expense of the very poorest family, (of $3\frac{1}{4}$ heads,) was, at the revolution, seven pounds six shillings and threepence. Three hundred thousand pounds of the whole sum necessary for all the paupers, was supposed to be raised by 'the accidental charities in the streets, and at doors*.' One remark, however, must be made in favour of the former period, that is, as to the actual amount of the poor-rates, which, in 1680, were only 665,562*l.*, and in 1698, 819,600*l.*: thus, the average relief allowed to each family cannot have exceeded 2*l.*, or about 12*s.* annually, to each head, which proves that the greatest number of the paupers must have had occasional relief only; while, in 1818, the average relief to each pauper is near 7*l.*; that the paupers never receive so much is pretty certain, and, in addition to the two millions spent in law expenses, may be added some millions more consumed by the rapacity of parish officers, and the wanton and unnecessary expenditure which those who are the guardians of the public money, so frequently indulge in. In the first years of the reign of George I, the paupers were fifteen hundred thousand, and they were supposed to cost, annually, in direct poor-rates, 1*l.* each, upon an average. On comparing the value of property in England now and at the revolution, we find that the landed rental, at the former period, was fourteen millions, and the total aggregate income, from all sources, was forty-

* For these statements we are indebted to Blackwood's Magazine.

four millions. The aggregate income, at the present day, is $6\frac{1}{2}$ times greater than it was in 1688, and the territorial revenue, seven and one-seventh times greater. The landed rental is also six times greater than it was in 1715-20, when the poor-rates were about a million and a half, so that they are not increased in the same proportion, not to mention the two millions spent in litigation, which has increased out of all proportion. The poor-rates first began in 1573, and the following is an account of their increase since that time:—

| | | | |
|-------------------------|-----------|-----------|------------|
| 1580..... | £188,811 | 1751.... | £3,000,000 |
| 1673..... | 840,000 | 1776..... | 1,720,316 |
| 1677..... | 608,353 | 1784..... | 2,167,749 |
| 1685..... | 665,362 | 1802..... | 5,313,000 |
| 1698..... | 819,000 | 1809..... | 7,000,000 |
| 1700..... | 1,000,000 | 1815..... | 8,164,496 |
| Q. Anne's } reign. } | 1,000,000 | | |

Professor Pictet states the number of persons relieved, on the average of three years, 1813, 14, 15, as follows:—

| | | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|---------|
| Out of the workhouse | - | - | 423,678 |
| In the workhouse | - | - | 93,141 |
| Occasionally relieved | - | - | 423,158 |
| Total number of paupers | - | - | 939,977 |

From the above statements it will be seen, that the distresses of the landed interest, and the alarming amount of the poor-rates, are to be traced to other causes than the increase of pauperism, since the number of persons receiving parochial assistance is one-third less than it was one hundred and thirty years ago.

FITZHENRY.

THE DEATH OF A SAILOR, AN ANECDOTE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—In the common walk of life, when we see men depart this transitory world, little interest is excited in the bosom of the observer; but when men greatly and gloriously fall in combat for their country, every heart becomes agitated by their loss; their departure is like that of a thunder cloud, whose roar leaves behind it an awe which conveys a pleasing sadness to the soul,—every noble deed they have performed floats before us, and we sigh that they should so soon have passed away.

The following anecdote, for the truth of which numbers can vouch, occurred during the action at Algiers, on board the *Leander*. This ship, whose station was eastward of the Molehead, lay, for a considerable time, exposed to a most destructive fire of shot and shells. It is needless to say, that every one was at his post; among others, a Mr. Colthorp, master's mate, was ordered into the fore-top, where he remained unhurt during the hottest of the conflict. When the batteries were found to slacken their fire, he was called on deck to perform some other duty; he came down smiling, and taking the lieutenant by the hand, pointed to the mole where the Algerine fleet lay on fire, and in a most impressive manner, his eyes flashing fire, and his whole countenance full of animation, uttered the following lines, so apropos to the moment, from Lord Byron's Poem, the *Corsair*:—

'Much has been done, but more remains to do,—
Their gallies burn! why not their city too?'

Scarcely had the words died on his lips, when a round

shot took him on his side of his head and crushed it to atoms. Thus fell this brave young man, anxious, as every sailor is, to serve his country. 'Tis but a simple story,—he was no titled hero, he had no scroll of victories to blend this last with; he lived like a sailor, and he died one. To preserve his name from oblivion is the intention of your correspondent; perhaps the eyes of his messmates may wander over this page, and confident am I in saying, that, rude and unfashioned as the mariner may be deemed by the gentler race on shore, the death of Colthorp will not be brought to their memories without a tear for his loss, and a sigh that valour is too often so poorly rewarded.

SAM SPRITSAIL.

COCKNEYISM VINDICATED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.

SIR,—I am well aware that your columns may be much better occupied than by being made the arena of a controversy in condemnation or defence of Cockneyism; I cannot, however, but observe, that your correspondent, Mr. Thomas, appears to have entirely mistaken my motives, if he thinks I am anxious to support any 'flagrant errors;' and if he had referred to my former letter, he would have found that my avowed object was not to defend the Cockneys in the continued use of their present peculiarities, but to vindicate them from the common charge of having corrupted and debased the language of their ancestors. How far I have been successful is not for me to determine; but I will assure Mr. Thomas and the rest of your readers that I am equally opposed to all dialects, and deem that the best which makes the nearest approaches to the written language: nor do I hesitate to say, that, in this particular, the oral language of the metropolis is decidedly superior to that of any other place in the united kingdom, notwithstanding the ridicule which is so often attempted to be thrown upon it by persons little acquainted with its history. But, with your permission, I will return to the more immediate object of my letter.

In my last I attempted to prove, that the use of *redundant negatives* and *double comparatives and superlatives*, was sanctioned by writers of great talents and authority, and I shall now endeavour to establish the same defence for some other peculiarities which disfigure the London dialect:—

'Aks' or 'ax,' for 'ask.'

To the moderns belong, among other refinements, that of changing the Anglo-Saxon '*acs*,' (for so it should be spelt from the infinitive '*ascian*,') into our present word 'ask.' In support of this I shall shew that the word 'ax' is to be found in various old English writers, and is still preserved colloquially in almost every county in England, and particularly in the northern ones. In Paston's letters, written in the time of Edward IV, we find '*axeth*,' '*axed*' in the church, '*axyd*,' and '*axhyd*;' and Wicliffe used '*axings*' for askings. Chaucer uses the verb '*axe*,' and the noun an '*axing*;' and Margaret, countess of Richmond and Derby, in a letter to her son, Henry VII, concludes with '*as herty blessings as y can axe of God**.' In the next reign, Sir John Clark writes to Cardinal Wolsey, and tells him that '*the king axed after your grace's welfare*†.' We find it also in Bale's Life and Trial of Sir John Oldcastle, written about the middle of the 16th cen-

* Lord Howard's Collection of Letters, I, p. 155.

† Bibl. Cottonian MSS. Vespasian, c. xiv, p. 201.

tury; and Dr. Skinner, who died in 1667, says that, in his own time, the primitive word 'ax' was in use with many people, nor does he attribute to it the smallest degree of criminality or vulgarity. *Aren*, the third person plural, (which we should now write *ask*;) is used by Sir John Fortescue, in his book on absolute and limited monarchy, which his commentator, Sir John Fortescue-Aland, deduces directly from the Saxon verb '*ascian*.' This he does on the authority of Somner's Saxon Dictionary.

On the other hand we who, in this instance, reject the word 'ax,' and favour the word '*ask*,' have, in another example, committed ourselves by transforming the term '*task*' into that of '*tax*.' The former occurs as synonymous in old chronicles; and Bailey, in his dictionary, allows '*task*' to mean a pecuniary tribute as well as a duty to be performed. Thus Hollinshed says, 'there was a new and strange subsidie, or *taske*, granted to be levied for the king's use;' and farther, '*tasks*, customs, and tallages,' are combined together in a decree made in the Court of Exchequer, Anno 21 Eliz. Reginae; and Shakespeare will support us in proving that *tax* is a perversion of the word *task*; for he makes Hotspur reproach King Henry IV, (among other things,) with having

'——— *task'd* the whole state.'

Hen. IV. P. I. Act. iv. sc. 3.

'*Successfully*' for '*successively*.'

Although the promiscuous use of these words is, perhaps, not to be found in any author, yet the words respectively and respectfully are found to have been synonymous in the days of Shakespeare:—

'You are very *respectively* welcome, sir.'

Timon of Athens, iii. sc. 1.

Again,—

'You should have been *respective*, and have kept it.'

Merchant of Venice, v. sc. 1.

'*Learn*' for '*Teach*.'

In the Anglo-Saxon language, the verb '*laeran*,' whence it came to us modified into '*learn*,' had indiscriminately both senses, and implied '*docere*' (to teach) as well as '*discere*' (to learn) a circumstance of no small weight in favour of the cockney's use of the word. Chaucer uses the word '*lerne*' in the sense of '*teach*,' and Shakespeare so far considered these words of equal import, that he has more than once used them in the same sentence, merely as it should seem to vary the expression:—

'Unless you could *teach* me to forget a banished father, you must not *learn* me to remember any extraordinary pleasure.'—As You Like it. Act i, sc. 2.

And again:—

'You *taught* me language:—the red plague rid you for *learning* me your language.'—Tempest, Act i, sc. 2.

——— 'Hast thou not *learned* me

How to make perfumes.'—Cymbeline.

And in the Psalms, which were translated by men of great and acknowledged abilities, who, as Dr. Johnson observes 'understood the English of the age they lived in, or else none did,' we find

'Lead me forth in thy truth, and learn me*,'

'Then shall he *learn* his way†;'

'Oh *learn* me true understanding‡.'

* Psalm xxv, v. 4.

† Id. v. 8.

‡ Psalm cxix, Division ix, v. 2.

And the great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, says on the word '*learn*,' that, 'in many of the European languages, the same word signifies to *learn* and to *teach*, to gain or to impart knowledge.'

'*Remember*' for '*to remind or recollect*.'

The common phrases in London, of '*will you remember me of it*,' and again '*I will remember you of it*,' are not peculiar to the metropolis, but in use in the northern counties, where they have also the similar expressions of '*Will you think me of it*,' and '*I will think you of it*.'

Bailey, in his dictionary, allows to this verb (*remember*) the force of *to put in mind of*, or *to bring a thing to remembrance*; and Dr. Johnson brings forward the following instance from Shakespeare:—

'——— I must *remember* you, my lord,

We were the first, and dearest of your friends.'

Hen. IV, P. I, act v, sc. 1.

'Grief fills the room up of my absent child,

Lies in his bed,

Remembers me of all his gracious parts.'

King John, Act iii, sc. 4.

'It doth *remember* me the more of sorrow.'

Rich. II, Act iii, sc. 4.

In the play of Richard III, the little Duke of York says, using this word in the sense of *recollection*:—

'Now, by my troth, if I had been *remember'd*,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout

To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.'

Act ii, sc. 3.

It was the language of the last century in both senses. Lord Clarendon has this expression, 'Who might be thereby *remembered* of their duty,' and bishop Burnet says 'The queen wrote a letter to the king *remembering* him of his promise;' but, to come to a much later period, we find Richardson, in Sir Charles Grandison, saying, 'he rubbed his hands forgetting the gout; but was *remembered* by the pain, and cried, Oh!'

'*Ruinated*' for '*ruined*.'

We confine the word *ruinated* to a decayed building, Lord Bacon, however, uses it in the same sense as the Londoner, as applied to personal impoverishment. 'Philip and Nabis,' says he, 'were already *ruinated*.' See the verb in Bailey's Dictionary, folio.

'*Ingeniously*' for '*ingenuously*.'

Used by Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, in his life, p. 86. See also the Old Plays, 2d edit. 1780, vol. vii. p. 392, and vol. viii. p. 242, where, in a note, the editor observes, that, in our ancient writers, *ingeniously* and *ingenuously* are used for each other without the least distinction.

'*Luxurious*' for '*luxuriant*.'

'*Luxurious* fields,' is an expression that occurs twice in Evelyn's Sculptura, 2d edit. pp. 16, 33.

'*Impossible*' for '*impossible*.'

The substitution of the privative *im* for that of *un*, is a modern refinement. Milton uses *unactive*, and not *inactive*†; as also *unsufferable* and not *insufferable*‡. And Sir Henry Nevile, in a letter to Sir Robert Cecil, dated in 1602, says, 'It is an *unpossible* thing for me to do§.' Shakespeare has 'Is all *unpossible*||,' and the following,

* Vol. iii, edit. 7, 12mo. p. 157.

† Par. Lost, B. iv, l. 621, and B. viii, l. 97.

‡ Ib. B. vi, l. 867.

§ Lodge's Illustrations, Vol. iii, p. 1222.

|| Richard III. Act ii, sc. 2.

among innumerable others, occur in this author, of the use of *un* for *im*, which completely exonerates the cockney from any blame on this head.

'The time is *unagreeable* to business.'

Timon of Athens, Act ii, sc. 2.

'And that *unaptness* made you minister.'

Ibid

'Why, by making him *un capable* of Othello's place.'

Othello, Act iv, sc. 2.

'In the *unpartial* judging of this business.'

Henry VIII., Act ii, sc. 2.

'One *unperfectness* shows me another.'

Othello, Act ii, sc. 2.

'There's millions now alive, that nightly lie in those *unproper* beds'—Othello, Act iv, sc. 1.

The length to which this letter has already extended, will prevent me from concluding the subject this week, as I had intended, but if you can indulge me with a corner of your paper, a week or two hence, you will much oblige,

Your's, &c. &c.

X.

BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE CITY OF MEXICO.

(From Humboldt's New Spain.)

MEXICO has been very much embellished since the residence of the Abbé Chappe there, in 1769. The edifice destined to the school of mines, for which the richest individuals of the country furnished a sum of more than three millions francs*, would adorn the principal places of Paris or London. Two great palaces [hotels] were recently constructed by Mexican artists, pupils of the Academy of Fine Arts of the capital. One of these palaces, in the quarter *della Traspasna*, exhibits, in the interior of the court, a very beautiful oval peristyle, of coupled columns. The traveller justly admires a vast circumference paved with porphyry flags, and enclosed with an iron railing richly ornamented with bronze, containing an equestrian statue† of King Charles IV., placed on a pedestal of Mexican marble, in the midst of the *Plaza Mayor* of Mexico, opposite the cathedral and the viceroy's palace. However, it must be agreed, that notwithstanding the progress of the arts within these last thirty years, it is much less from the grandeur and beauty of the monuments, than from the breadth and straightness of the streets, and much less from its edifices than from its uniform regularity, its extent and position, that the capital of New Spain attracts the admiration of Europeans. From a singular concurrence of circumstances, I have seen successively, within a very short space of time, Lima, Mexico, Philadelphia, Washington‡, Paris, Rome, Naples, and the

* 124,800l. sterling.—Trans. see chap. vii.

† This colossal statue was executed at the expense of the Marquis de Branciforte, formerly viceroy of Mexico, brother-in-law to the Prince of Peace. It weighs 450 quintals, and was modelled, founded, and placed by the same artist, M. Tolsa, whose name deserves a distinguished place in the history of Spanish sculpture. The merits of the man of genius can only be appreciated by those who know the difficulties with which the execution of these great works of art are attended, even in civilized Europe.

‡ From the plan of the city of Washington, and from the magnificence of the capitol, of which I only saw a part completed, the Federal City will undoubtedly, one day, be a much finer city than that of Mexico. Philadelphia has also the same regularity of construction. The alleys of platanus, acacia, and populus heterophylla, which adorn its streets, almost give it a rural beauty.—The vegetation of the banks of the Potomac and Delaware is also richer than what we find at 2300 metres [7500 feet] of elevation on the ridge of the Mexican Cordilleras. But Washington and Philadelphia will always look like European cities. They will not strike the eyes of

largest cities of Germany. By comparing together impressions which follow in rapid succession, we are enabled to rectify any opinion which we may have too easily adopted. Notwithstanding such unavoidable comparisons, of which several, one would think, must have proved disadvantageous to the capital of Mexico, it has left in me a recollection of grandeur which I principally attribute to the majestic character of its situation and the surrounding scenery.

In fact, nothing can present a more rich and varied appearance than the valley, when, in a fine summer morning, the sky without a cloud, and of that deep azure which is peculiar to the dry and rarefied air of high mountains, we transport ourselves to the top of one of the towers of the cathedral of Mexico, or ascend the hill of Chapultepec. A beautiful vegetation surrounds this hill. Old cypress trunks§, of more than fifteen or sixteen metres|| in circumference, raise their naked head above those of the Shinus, which resemble in their appearance the weeping willows of the east. From the centre of this solitude, the summit of the porphyritical rock of Chapultepec, the eye sweeps over a vast plain of carefully cultivated fields, which extend to the very feet of the colossal mountains covered with perpetual snow. The city appears as if washed by the waters of the lake of Tezenco, whose basin, surrounded with villages and hamlets, brings to mind the most beautiful lakes of the mountains of Switzerland. Large avenues of elms and poplars lead, in every direction, to the capital; and two aqueducts, constructed over arches of very great elevation, cross the plain, and exhibit an appearance equally agreeable and interesting. The magnificent convent of Nuestra Señora de Guadalupe appears joined to the mountains of Tepeyacac, among ravines which shelter a few date and young yucca trees.—Towards the south, the whole tract between San Angel, Tacabaga, and San Augustin de las Cuevas, appears an immense garden of orange, peach, apple, cherry, and other European fruit trees. This beautiful cultivation forms a singular contrast with the wild appearance of the naked mountains which enclose the valley, among which the famous volcanoes of La Puebla, Popocatepeti and Iztaccihuatl are the most distinguished. The first of these forms an enormous cone, of which the crater, continually inflamed and throwing up smoke and ashes, opens in the midst of eternal snows.

Original Poetry.

THE ROSE AND THE ZEPHYR.

In the garden of Venus, a red rose grew,
As sweet as a morning in May:—
But the sun-beams had drank all her exquisite dew,
And left her, alas! to decay!
A zephyr, who long in his covert had lain,
As the twilight advanced, stole out:
He danced with the gossamers over the plain,
And fann'd them in ether about.

the traveller with that peculiar, I may say exotic, character which belongs to Mexico, Santa Fé de Bogota, Quito, and all the tropical capitals, constructed at an elevation as high or higher than the passage of the great St. Bernard.

§ Los Ahuahutes. Cupressus disticha. Lin.

|| Forty-nine and fifty-two feet.—TRANS.

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He saw the rose drooping, as near her he flew,
And skipp'd round her withering stem:
Then the soft air of evening over her blew,
And deck'd her with many a gem.
As lovely again, did appear the red rose,
As when in her earliest bloom:
And the zephyr she gave, as he sank to repose,
All the sweets of her luscious perfume.
'Tis thus with a maiden, whose tremulous breast
Of love the first symptom betrays;
If neglected she droops—but if kindly carest,
Is happy the rest of her days!

WILFORD.

INTREATY.

O! prithee love, do thou not leave me so soon!
I have much to reveal to thy bosom anon;
And the sun-beams and shadows are dallying with noon,
While the moments deliciously fly to be gone.
Thou hast heard the soft echo responsively sweet,
Thou hast heard of the magnet that points to the pole;
So sweetly, so truly, affection shall beat,
From the pulse of my heart to thy heavenly soul.
As angels revolve in the essence of light,
With the halcyons of happiness bloomingly gay;
So round thy dear centre, love, all my delight
Shall exist in thy smile and be fed in thy ray.
O! my love! do not leave me, then; tho' thou art young,
Thou hast felt, thou hast sigh'd, thou hast wept; and the
tear,
When we met, on thy cheek, that so tenderly hung,
Is a pledge of thy heart, and transcendently dear!

J. R. P.

TO ———.

Oh, Love is not a sickly flower,
Form'd but to bloom in pleasure's bower;—
For true affection ever glows
Purest amid severest woes.
The tears that dim the mourner's eye,
But cherish it; and every sigh
Awakes another—dearer charm,
The tortur'd breast of care to calm;
And though it may not chase our grief,
It yields an exquisite relief.
Thus though thy beauties fade away
Beneath Misfortune's iron sway;
Though countless tears may blanch thy cheek,—
And all in vain mine eye may seek
The rose that once so sweetly fair,
Blush'd healthily and brightly there;
Yes! though thy soul, thus filled with care,
One tender thought can scarcely spare;
Though all conspire my hopes to blast,
My soul shall love thee to the last!

2nd June, 1819.

J. W. D.

Fine Arts.

PRINT FROM HARLOWE'S KEMBLE FAMILY.

It was with peculiar mortification, considering the very able and admired pencil which produced this picture, and the high dramatic beauty of grouping, &c. displayed in it, that we found, after all the hopes held out, and the expectations raised of the graphic translation thereof being of a

very superior order,—we say it was with peculiar mortification that we found it dealt out to the public in the cheap form of a mere mezzotinto performance; and that not of the first merit, even in that humble branch of the art. The picture deserved better treatment: not as a work of art only, for it possesses higher claims to our notice—it presents us with, at one and the same time, the pleasing recollections of nearly the whole of a great dramatic family,—a family which, individually and collectively, has done more, we suppose, to the honour of the stage than half the dramatic folks who have ever flourished in Great Britain, from Thespis to the present time; therefore, as we before said, it is to be particularly regretted that it has not been better done by. We can only attribute it to the hurry in the getting of it out, for the sake of selling a few more copies consequent on the general impression of regret on the public mind for the loss of so promising and distinguished a young artist. Had the hard hand of death been pleased to have spared poor Harlowe to a more mature age, he undoubtedly would have risen to great eminence as a portrait painter: the whole length of Mr. Siddons, as Catherine, in the work of which we are now writing, is a memorable proof that there were inherent powers in his mind, blossoming forth in all the luxuriance of youthful genius and vigour, and which would, ere long, we are quite sure, have been blown out into the most captivating perfection, and have placed him on the very pinnacle of fame in that most profitable line of the art. So much has already been said as to the admirable likenesses of the several personages composing the scene, (the trial of the Queen. Hen. 8th.) and particularly with respect to those of the distinguished family forming the prominent features of the picture, that little need be said by us on that head; yet we cannot drop our pen without paying a due tribute to the noble likeness, (we had almost said sublime,) of our great actress. It is certainly the finest ever done of that extraordinary woman. Sir Joshua Reynolds's was painted in her more youthful day, and was done more as a picture of Melpomene, than as a great tragic actress in one of the choicest moments of her profession, with her noble black eye lighted up with the divine spirit of the great bard to whom she did so much honour. But Harlowe's picture will hand her down to after ages properly: it will give posterity an excellent idea of the wonderful genius which we so much delighted in, and of whose magic powers so much has been written, during a career as brilliant as it was long, and as useful as it was transcendent. And then there is the portrait of her brother, John Kemble, too, an actor but little short of his illustrious sister. Perhaps the character of Cardinal Wolsey never shone so before, (certainly never since,) as it did dressed up with his classic elegance, correctness, majesty of person, and all the other elegancies so common to that successful actor. As to the likeness of Charles Kemble, as the clerk behind the table, it is the life itself to appearance: it was universally admired at Somerset House. Often and often did we stand before the picture at the place we have just mentioned, during its exhibition there, to hear the perpetual buzz of applause showered down upon it; and often did we hear say, there never were two finer likenesses than those of Mrs. Siddons and her brother Charles, produced on canvas. We can only say we wish, for the honour of the arts, that it had been done in the real line manner,—there surely would have been patronage enough to have paid for it,—it would have greatly honoured the eminent

personages for whose preservation it was done; and it would have been of greater honour to the country which produced it. It is a fine treasure as it is, for the lover of the drama, but it might have been a much finer one; and we dismiss the subject with every hope that the proprietors of the picture and the print may reap as large profits from the speculation as they expected.

The Drama.

RE-APPEARANCE OF MRS. SIDDONS.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Wednesday night, the 2d inst., Covent Garden boards were dignified by the tread of the greatest actress that ever graced the stage. Mrs. Siddons, to support her brother Charles Kemble, at his benefit, consented to appear in the character of Lady Randolph. A little after seven o'clock, the curtain rose—a dead silence in a moment ensued—the eager look of every individual was directed to the spot where Lady Randolph appears.—She enters—the vaulted roof, in a moment, is rended with the shouts of the audience—the pit rises—and hands, hats, and handkerchiefs wave in the air, and all hail her as the unrivalled queen of the histrionic art.—Evidently affected, she stopped, and returned with graceful ease the favours of the audience.—Then, blended with her known dignity of manner, she commenced her soliloquy. What avails it to say, we wish she was younger, when her acting could not be finer. Oh! how well *she* bears in mind our great poet's injunction, to 'suit the word to the action,' and he might have added, to the *look*, for, in her countenance alone, the different passions may be traced. A finer face for the tragic muse no one can behold. There is that sublimity of look that awes the mind of the beholder, and makes him acknowledge, that she is above the ordinary mass of woman kind. The part of Lady Randolph exactly suits her. In it is blended those passions that human nature feels, when virtue is the support and rule of life. Her recital of her tale of woe to Anna, was so true to nature, that in *her* you beheld the sufferer. The tremor, which Mrs. Siddons evidently laboured under, from her flattering reception, kept possession of her for some time during the scene, and it gave a greater interest by its reality. In fact, the part cannot better be performed throughout, than by the performer's bearing in mind, that the character of Lady Randolph must evince an enfeebled state of mind and body. Her scene with Glenalvon was really great—there, in vain, we look for another to fill Mrs. Siddons's place. Insulted virtue spoke so truly out, even in her eye and face, that its force was felt by the audience; and so awfully struck was Glenalvon by the effect of her dignified deportment, that it caused a moment's pause between them, and the scene, indeed, was almost realized. To follow her throughout might, perhaps, be too tedious a detail, but to omit the scenes with the Stranger and Young Norval, when she discovers herself to him as his mother, would be unjust, especially as the present heroine of this theatre is, by some, supposed to exceed every one in the softer delineations of the passions. No one, who witnessed Mrs. S.'s performance, can ever forget it. To some fastidious critics, she is not quite so young as Miss O'Neil, and that alone is sufficient to bias their judgments. In her scene with the Stranger, her eagerness and anxiety to be acquainted

with his possession of the jewels, her doubts and anticipations at the telling of the story, and when informed of the youth's name, she so exceeded every piece of acting of this day, that it produced an effect not now witnessed at the theatres. It seemed to carry the audience beyond the power of themselves, that is, they were incapable of injuring the effect of her acting, by the *ridiculous*, and to some sensitive hearts, the *barbarous* custom of roaring out *bravo*, accompanied by the greatest noise they were able to make. Her last scene was sustained with equal effect, and so melancholy a vein of feeling spread itself over the house, at the fall of the curtain, that it was long ere the audience gave the proper tribute to Mrs. Siddons's transcending talents. E. J.

Mr. Liston's benefit took place on Tuesday night last. This excellent actor sometimes renders himself more ludicrous than his best friends could wish him: last season, he delivered an address as Lord Grizzle, riding on a donkey, but the poor beast having enacted more than was set down for him, and shocked the modesty of the audience, Mr. Liston, this year, substituted a velocipede, with the management of which he seemed quite unacquainted, and was in continual danger of falling. While thus mounted, and dressed in the style of an Ultra-Exquisite, he delivered the following address, from the pen of Charles Lamb, Esq:—

FRESH from the Arcade, from Bond Street, or the lobby,
Behold me here a dandy, with my hobby;
Horseman and horse equipp'd, a taking sight—
Two for a pair, both ultra-exquisite.

[As my friend Backbite sings in the play.]

'Who ever saw so elegant a poney?
'Other horses are but clowns, but this is a macaroni*.'
The gentlest creature—pray, sir, venture near him;
No lady, nor no dandy need to fear him;
He never kicks;—and then his pedigree
Is quite heraldic—branching from a tree:—
Goes without spurring, gallops without whips;
And though not quite a Hightflyer or Eclipse,
Could he descend to low-bred Epsom jokes,
Born in a wood, he sure had won the oaks.
The living steed is what your jockeys prize;
But then, they are such violent exercise—
They shake the nerves, enough to make one drop—
And do so gall the part that's *not one's top!*
The motion is excessive, past enduring—
The grief is past diachylon in curing.
Old Priam's town (a ten years' siege withstood,)
Veil'd her proud turrets to a horse of wood;
Our hobby had not been so long to seek—
Once seen, he'd take all Paris in a week.
Instead of Russian mountains we should meet
A spruce *Cheval de Bois* in every street.
What frisking! capering! prancing! fetching breath!
A Frenchman always rides his hobby-horse to death.
Just such a horse as this, a wooden nag,
Bore on her moonlight pranks the midnight hag.
Then might you see—O sight to make one stare!
As folks do now, when Madame Saqui's there—
Whole troops of dandy witches in the air!
Known by their jutting hips and janty stays;
We dandies still retain those 'witching ways.
Methinks I see Newmarket's glories fade—
Egham and Ascot sink into the shade—
No more the mettled courser's swift career
Shall fire the soul of commoner or peer;
Britannia's horsemen, for a bit of wood,
Have barter'd their old boast—their *bits of blood*.

* School for Scandal.

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ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.—This theatre commenced its season on Monday last, under the most auspicious circumstances. The house, (always elegant,) has received considerable alterations, which add much to its splendour and utility, and display the taste and liberality of Mr. Arnold. The proscenium is white and gold, on a border of green crystallized metallic paper. The front of the dress circle is very brilliant: pannels of various figures are formed of rich gold mouldings, studded with gold patera, in imitation of that used in the ancient temples of Greece, and inclosing a ground of metallic paper. The front of the second circle is equally chaste, and the third circle is at once simple and elegant. The old lustres have been removed, and golden lyres substituted, each having two gas lights, burning in moon-glasses, suspended from which are a profusion of glass icicle drops. The ceiling has been lowered several feet, and the pit raised to a greater elevation than that of any other theatre in London. The saloon, which, last season, was a shrubbery, is now converted into a magnificent *Mameluke Pavilion*, nearly fifty feet square, and fifty feet high; the drapery is of linen, in alternate stripes of blue, pink, and white; and the walls are painted with six Egyptian panoramic views. In the centre of the pavilion a large fountain plays into a shell, amidst a profusion of gas lights. The entire effect is strikingly beautiful.

But what is of infinitely more importance than all these decorations, splendid as they are, is the very excellent company which this theatre now boasts. On Wednesday night, the *Castle of Andalusia* was performed, in a manner which must ensure it a very frequent repetition: the principal novelty of the evening was the first appearance of Mr. O'Callaghan, from the Dublin theatre, of whom public report had spoken very highly, and who made his *debut* in the character of *Don Cesar*. This gentleman, to a good figure and expressive countenance, unites a rich bass voice of great power and sweetness; he displays considerable skill in its management, and his intonations are good and clear. He was encored in two songs, 'Flow thou Regal Purple Stream,' and the 'Wolf.' On the whole, we have seldom witnessed a more successful first appearance, and we congratulate this theatre on having gained so powerful an acquisition to its vocal department. Pearman gave the airs in *Alphonso* with his accustomed talent, and Miss Kelly, in *Lorenza*, and Miss Carew, in *Victoria*, were all that could be wished. Our old favourites, Downton and Harley, were quite at home in the characters of *Spado* and *Pedrillo*.

A pleasing operetta, under the title of *The Quadrille*, has been produced, which possesses considerable humour, and with the excellent acting of Wrench, Chatterley, Harley, and Miss Kelly, could scarcely fail of being successful.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—We feel much pleasure in stating, that the Drury Lane company, who have suffered so much from the misfortunes of the house to which they have clung, with the most praiseworthy fondness, are playing at the Haymarket, under the immediate patronage of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent. We sincerely hope, that while our nobility and gentry are coming forward with their subscriptions to resuscitate Drury Lane Theatre, they will not be unmindful of those who have, by their talents, beguiled them of many a tedious hour within its walls, and who have such just claims on their support.

SURREY THEATRE.—On Saturday night, after *Florence Macarthy*, which gains upon public favour as it proceeds, *The Lady of the Lake* was performed at this theatre, the character of Roderick Dhu by Mr. T. Cooke; and we must confess, that so just a delineation of the poet's idea we scarcely ever witnessed; he was noble, daring, bold, generous, and kind, as the circumstances required. The scenes in which his powers were more peculiarly called into action were, the assembling of his clan to witness the ceremony of lighting the cross and extinguishing the flame thereof in blood, and his after-meeting with Fitzjames. The fight was admirably dreadful, and his death indescribably terrific; his fall was honoured by very long and unanimous applause. The Fitzjames of Huntley was an equally good piece of acting, from the moment in which he encounters the heroine of the piece on the lake, to the time when he repays all her kindness and dissipates all her fears, by proclaiming from the throne—

'Pardon for Douglas!'

Nor can we omit noticing, with much commendation, his delivery of the following lines, while recounting his adventures to Roderick Dhu:—

'My path, my friends, my favourite courser lost,
My limbs benumb'd and chill'd by the black frost.'

We have heard Huntley deliver many passages finely, but really the last line sent an icy coldness over our whole frame. The appearances of Ellen are interesting; but, after the first part, we do not see her frequently enough to satisfy our admiration of Miss Taylor: where she did appear, she was herself, and we need say no more. The Maniac of Devon found a tolerably good representative in Mrs. Brookes, though it is by no means a character in her line of acting. The other parts were supported with proportionate propriety, and the curtain fell amidst general approbation.

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

The Pope has proscribed the following works:—A Treatise on Civil and Penal Legislation, by Mr. Jeremy Bentham, translated from the French. Naples, 1810. Historical Representation of the Policy of the Court of Rome, from the origin of its power to our times. Paris, 1810. Appreciation of the Project of a Law relative to the Three Concordats, by J. D. Lanjuinais.

During the voyage of discovery last year to Baffin's Bay, a bottle was thrown into the sea from the *Alexander*, Lieutenant Parry, on the 24th May, when that ship was off Cape Farewell. It contained the latitude and longitude the ship was then in. About two months since the bottle was found on the island of Bartragh, in Killala Bay, and an account of it forwarded to the Admiralty. It is supposed it must have floated at about the rate of eight miles per day across the Atlantic.

A steam-boat is to be launched at Pittsburg, (United States,) to be employed in an expedition to the Yellow Stone River, the object of which is to obtain a history of the inhabitants, soil, minerals, and curiosities. The boat is 75 feet long, 13 beam, draws 19 inches of water, and is well armed. She carries on her flag a white man and an Indian shaking hands, the calumet of peace, and the sword. Her machinery is fixed to avoid the snags and sawyers of the rivers. Major Long, accompanied by several scientific gentlemen, will command the expedition.

Volcano.—In Dominica, is to be seen one of the greatest curiosities of nature, a perfect volcano in miniature. It is impossible to imagine any thing of the kind more strikingly beautiful. It was visited, twelve months since, by several gentlemen of the island, who declare it, at that period, to have been but a few inches in circumference, and still fewer in height. Its dimensions, when again inspected by the inserter of those observations, in July last, were as follows:—

| | Feet. | Inches. |
|---------------------------------------|-------|---------|
| Height from the base to the top | 5 | 0 |
| Circumference of the base | 49 | 0 |
| Ditto at the top | 9 | 6 |
| Ditto ditto at the opening | 2 | 3 |

It is situated in the centre of a moderate sized valley, surrounded by a cluster of small mountains, about half a mile from the sea shore, and, should it continue increasing, proportionably to the size it has already attained in one single year, we may expect, at some distant period, to find it put on a formidable appearance, and occasion terror as well as mischief. It is remarkable that the outer strata, or layers of earth, are extremely uniform and exact, and the whole presents a novel appearance. The boiling lava, or, more properly, liquid earth, continually discharges from the mouth, and over-flows that already formed, and consequently increases its bulk, without disfiguring the beauty of its conical structure. A long staff was thrust into the body of it through the mouth, and the matter, which adhered to it, had the appearance of a thick bluish marl, of a sulphurous smell and sweetish taste. We could distinctly hear the rumbling of the boiling liquid contained within.

The Bee.

*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia limant,
Omnia nos ilidem depascimur aurea dicta.*

LUCRETIVS.

Dean Cowper, of Durham, who was very saving of his wine, descanting one day on the extraordinary performance of a man who was blind, he remarked, that the poor fellow could see no more than 'that bottle.' 'I do not wonder at all, sir,' replied Mr. Drake, (a minor canon,) 'for we have seen no more than "that bottle" all the afternoon.'

Dr. Aldrich's five reasons for drinking:—

Good wine,—a friend,—or being dry;
Or lest we should be by and by;
Or any other reason why.

A Dandy of the Year 1770.—A newspaper of this date has the following:—'A few days ago, a maccaroni made his appearance in the assembly-rooms, at Whitehaven, in the following dress:—A mixed silk coat, pink satin waistcoat and breeches, covered with an elegant silver net, white silk stockings with pink clocks, pink satin shoes and large pearl buckles; a mushroom-coloured stock, covered with fine point lace—hair dressed remarkably high, and stuck full of pearl pins.'

Lunatics.—It appears, from a return laid before Parliament, that there are 1156 lunatics confined in the different gaols, hospitals, and lunatic asylums, of England and Wales. Of these, 655 are males; 501 females. In Bethlem Hospital, the number actually confined is 193: viz. 107 males and 86 females. This return does not include private mad-houses. By another paper, it appears there are 83 licensed houses for the reception of lunatics, in England and Wales, which contain 2545 lunatics, making a total of 3701. If to this number be added, those who remain in the custody of their friends, we should suppose the aggregate amount must exceed four thousand.

Plum Pudding.—At Paignton Fair, near Exeter, conformably to an ancient custom, which had been neglected many years, but has been lately revived, a plum pudding, of an extraordinary size, was prepared, and placed on a car, fancifully decked with ribands, laurels, &c. and drawn through the town by eight oxen; it was then cut up and distributed

among the populace. The ingredients which composed this massy pudding, were 400lbs. of flour, 170lbs. of beef suet, 140lbs. of raisins, and 20 dozen of eggs; it had been kept constantly boiling, in a brewer's furnace, from Saturday morning until Tuesday morning; ten pipes were passed through it to convey the heat to the body, so that the middle and every part should be thoroughly dressed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. E. is requested to send to our office.
Timothy Andrew and Y. F. in our next.
L.'s offer is accepted.

J. P. Thomas's answer to Philo and S. C.'s remarks on Mr. Thomas's letter are received; but the subject is extending itself too widely, to enable us to insert them, especially as X explains his object, which appears to have been misunderstood.

'The advantages of Emigration to Poland in preference to America,' in our next.

The rapidly increasing patronage with which the LITERARY CHRONICLE is honoured, requiring a large impression, and consequently obliging us to go to press early, prevents our noticing the favours of correspondents, unless sent early in the week.

Errata in our last, p. 60, col. 1, line 1, for 'to me' read 'to one'; col. 2, line 44, for 'allure' read 'attune.'

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